2: Lorimer T-3 (1932-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

223 bonfires recklessly consuming grass-cuttings and leaves that would be worth gold in Nimo's home.

511 Burushaski is an amazingly rich language, but it has evolved no word for "litter-lout." Go where you will in lane or courtyard, over field or bare hillside, you will not see an eggshell or a fleck of wool or a nutshell lying about. Hunza must be, bar none, the cleanest and the tidiest spot on earth. If a child is lucky enough to be given a few apricot stones he will crack them on a rock, eat the kernels with gusto, and gather up the shells for mother's fire. Only in a couple of the narrow lanes of the deserted fort did we stumble on a cast-away rag or two. When a homespun cloak has served father for three years' hard work, it will descend to a son, or be handed on to an orphan relation; when it is torn and tattered past repair it is carefully plucked to pieces, washed, beaten, and re-spun to make a girl's cloak, for her work is less strenuous than the boy's, and the re-spun cloak is stout enough for her and quite as warm.

771 Whatever the theoretical tenets of the Maulai (Ismaili) dissenters may be—and of these Professor Ivanow can best speak—the simple Hunzukuts has evolved for himself quite the most practical and admirable modification of Islam that
• 562 I have ever seen or heard of. He does not veil his womenfolk nor banish them to separate quarters, but treats them as equal partners in field and home. His standard of morals is so high that when a young husband goes abroad, he trusts his young wife to the care of his father and brothers without misgiving.
582 We heard no case of such a trust being abused. He retains his
515 own custom of exogamic marriage between the clans and the normal first-cousin marriage of Islam (though recognized as religiously allowable and occasionally practised by the upper families) savours to the ordinary peasant of incest, and is in fact avoided, though not in principle taboo; he also, as we have noted, preserves his own fastidious and wholesome ideas about sanitation, and keeps his running water scrupulously
793 pure. No archbishops or bishops (whom he would term *pirs*), and no professional priests or *mullas* reside in his territories, for which no doubt he has to thank some tacit concordat between his wise ruler and His Highness the Agha Khan, the spiritual head of the Ismailis.

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

per as to whether it would be in order to ask to see the baby, 846
who was entirely hidden by a doubled homespun blanket flung
over the ridge-pole of his cradle. "Quite the right thing." I
made my request and approached the cradle. They turned
back the cloth for me, and there was a very handsome baby
(for seven days old) in beautifully clean kit, very carefully [302]
bolstered in, his eyes painted black all round, which gave his
face a comical look of maturest wisdom. This black stuff is
supposed to be "cooling" to the eyes, and is quite probably a
disinfectant of some kind. I said what a fine baby he was, and
how big for his age, and so forth, then wished them all the
best of luck, repeated my congratulations, and turned to come
away. But they called me back to receive two heaped dishes of
grapes and apples. I protested as well as I could against robbing
their store-room, especially at such a moment when hordes
of hungry guests would come well-wishing—it is for similar
occasions that the "emergency reserve" is set apart—but I
protested in vain. Derwish and Man Ali Shah followed us up
the hill bearing the fruit, and I could only resort to the con-
temptible expedient of small silver.

Anyone who knows life in the East will realize how in- 562 ●
credible it seems that a woman should sit in state to receive
visitors of both sexes while her menfolk look proudly on. No
wonder the Hunza women have this happy fearlessness, this
dignified gait, these courtly manners.

I was typing text next morning when I heard piping voices 000
in the verandah outside my window: "Mother, Mother,
Mother, *dear*, do come at once; we are threshing buckwheat
on our floor." I went out to find seven of my smallest friends,
boys and girls from the Middle Channel above, led by Nímo,
dancing with excitement and impatience: "Do come and take
photographs! Father and mother say you are *please* to come."
I wasn't very keen to go, for we were expecting some Swedish
missionaries to lunch. They were passing through on their way
to Kashgar—another month's march—and they might arrive
at any moment. Still . . . I had asked all our neighbours to
send for me when anything was going on, and if I showed
reluctance such summonses might stop. I scrambled up to the

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

ourselves. Naját and Shukuru and all the children were gathered round, but the men were out at work and the house was (relatively) empty. So while the mother fed the child I learned all I could about orthodox baby management. Until the baby cuts his first tooth his mother will not take him to any house where there is another infant. Possibly it is felt that with one tooth he will be armed for self-defence against his contemporary; possibly the rival mothers might be tempted into tactless comparisons. Up till this point, too, no male of the house may handle him. An amusing little ceremony heralds the cutting of this all-important tooth. Some elderly man—usually the grandfather—"well skilled with children," takes the baby in his arms and out into the open. After that his father and brothers are free to play with him and carry him about.

Until the child is two or thereabouts he lives the life of a recluse, strapped into his cradle night and day except at meal-times, or when taken out for an airing in grown-up arms.

When the moment came for replacing Faqér in his cradle, Naját and Shukuru bestirred themselves and fetched some dry, finely powdered earth which they gently warmed over the ashes of the fire. Bibo Gimo produced a large square of strong cloth, sweet and clean but dark with use, and spread it on the dais, lying the baby down on it with a tiny cushion under his head. Then plenty of the earth—it proved to be pounded sun-dried cow-dung, as clean and inoffensive to handle as the fibre in which we plant our bulbs—was packed round him above and below, and he was carefully parcelled up, arms, legs, and feet, into the stout cloth, bandaged into it with a long binder, and laid in the cradle. When he is "changed" the last lot of packing is thrown on to the fields for their enrichment—and that's that. Very cleanly and ingenious it all is and vastly preferable to the eternal washing of "nappies," which, indeed, would be a grim task with insufficiency of cloths, cold water, and no soap.

The bottom of the cradle was full of nice clean straw with a padded mattress on top, and by the time baby's cushion was adjusted and a red quilt laid up to his chin and well tucked in

St Lorimer T-3 (1932-4; 1934-8) 1939 AV7 Burushō AV7

outrageous hat, must be a terrifying sight when it advances on you for the first time—but I learned cautiously to admire the babies from afar, though the father or mother always wanted to show them off. Only little Faqér, initiated so young, was always unafraid, and would stretch out his little hands and gurgle at me and let me take him in my arms or tickle him.

Soni, of the next house to Bibi Gimo's (I had to call it No. 1A, because in my first notes I had confused the two households) had a little girl Afrots—quite the ugliest and brightest atom of three years old in Hunza. She had cried the first day on seeing me but immediately made friends, and ever after if I were sighted would run up to me and put out an abnormally grubby little paw and say "How do you do?" in imitation English fashion. On general principles we resisted all temptation to teach the children English ways or words or tales. This was almost my one lapse from grace, but Afrots was by general consent a special case, and her old grandfather, Aliko, was extraordinarily proud when he was witness to our meetings.

In the very first days of romping with the children of No. 1 and 1A on the threshing floor I had—stupidly—thought it might be fun to teach Shamuli, Bano, and Afrots to dance. So I stood up and started on a Highland schottische, and endeavoured, with little success, to coax them to join in. I was puzzled by something a little frigid in the air and soon gave up the attempt. When I climbed home for breakfast Dido gravely and kindly said: "Excuse me, Mother, but Hunza women do not dance. It is thought unseemly." I thanked him for the warning; I wasn't sure whether the fear was that I should corrupt the girls or merely make an unseemly exhibition of myself. Either danger was to be avoided, so that began and ended my dancing lessons. Later Qudrat Ullah explained that in the olden days, when the Hunzukuts distilled a powerful *araq* from their mulberries, men and women used to dance together in drunken orgies that had untoward consequences. The Mir had long since forbidden the spirit, which provoked quarrels as well as dances, and "mixed dancing" fell under the same ban. This was the only man-made restriction on woman's freedom that I encountered in Hunza, and it did not seem to worry anyone.

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920–4; 1934–5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

563 find much more of it, and David had hoped to get some in-
582 teresting notes on the bi-lingualism of children whose parents were of different stocks, but we came across no household among the Burusho we met where the wife was a foreigner.

616 Social intercourse with Nagir is virtually non-existent. The Hunza menfolk occasionally cross the river to barter Hunza wool for Nagir grain, for the former is much valued, though why, with far more extensive pasturage, the Nagir sheep should yield inferior wool was a mystery we never solved. But though a common language might appear to unite the two people, a difference of religion sunders them, and profoundly different social customs. Centuries of rivalry have left strong, latent feelings of hostility and distrust, probably reinforced—though this is a point on which possibly neither side has consciously
• 562 reflected—by a difference of race. The Nagir women enjoy no
291 such freedom and equality as the Hunza women do. They still wear unbecoming, dark homespun bonnets concealing all their hair while in Aliábád only one such bonnet had survived the comparatively recent coming of the merry cotton cap. Nagir sheep are predominantly dark brown, and in consequence Nagir caps and *chogas* are of a sombre hue that fittingly sym-
771 bolizes the less genial temperament. Their Shi'ah mosques are
346 called "Houses of Mourning" (*ma'tim sera*), and their interpretation of Islam seems to be as cheerless as would be a form of Christianity that concentrated all its devotion on the sorrows of Good Friday, and spared no thought for the rejoicings of Easter and Christmas. Now it happens that the Arabic word for mourning (*ma'tim*) sounds very similar to the Burushaski
574 *matum* (black). As we rode through Nagir and noted the dour
157 looks of the Nagirkuts, the crouching, face-averted women, the absence of spontaneous "good days" which brighten every Hunza chance encounter, the fact that when a Nagir prince was riding with us his passage was unmarked by any welcome or salute, our Hunza men would murmur with a grim satisfaction: "Their caps are black, and their cloaks are black, and their mosques are black, and by Allah their hearts are
151 black!" All travellers who have passed through the two adjacent states have noted the relative gloom of Nagir, and some

DEGRESSION TO YASIN

We gained, one valu- 291
able piece of information: the Nagir women *do* wear trousers! 562
The trousers-for-women fashion in these parts is new: that is, [77]
it has been going only for the last four or five generations, introduced we were told from Chitral, and my Hunza women friends had assured me that the Nagir women were so backwoodsy that they had not yet adopted it—which I now know to be a libel. The little girls wear cotton caps and fringes like our Hunza ones, but the women cover all their hair in black woollen Salvation Army bonnet-like caps (a type of headgear of which I saw only one specimen surviving in Hunza). What the Nagir women and older girls look like I cannot say, for when they sight a man they crouch down with their backs turned and either pull a cloth over their faces or bury their heads in their arms. Give me the Maulai variety of Islam every time!

After I got back to Hunza and the women crowded round to ask "all about everything," I got a lot of fun by demonstrating—with only a mild amount of legitimate exaggeration—how the crouching and face-hiding ought to be done; but I cleared the Nagir women's character on the trouser question. Certainly half the charm of our delightful country is the freedom of the women and girls. They come up to the roadside or out on to the roof to greet DL just as naturally and frankly as to greet me. They are not brazen-faced or forward, just unafraid and perfectly unselfconscious.

They have one charming custom which I have not heard of elsewhere, and which could only exist amongst free women. When the Mir or any distinguished traveller (such as we!) is passing, the women and girls crowd on to their house tops and silently wave their hands. Not in a stiff Heil Hitler salute nor with our undisciplined exuberance, but with a quiet, graceful circular motion from the wrist, the two hands moving opposite ways outwards from the breast. It is the most gracious and dignified gesture of welcome and goodwill I have seen. We knew it from official days of old, when it might well have been merely a command performance; but it warmed our hearts when it greeted us as private individuals.

To revert to our homeward journey: After descending the

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

to keep her strength up—and this in one of the poorest houses, where they have had no bread nor butter for themselves for weeks. *Daudo* is one of the nourishing dishes you make for a human mother, and the cat was such a pet that the kittens were considered as a birth in the family, one of the emergencies budgeted for. There is as little need in Hunza for an R.S.P.C.A. as for an anti-litter crusade. Everyone is devoted to his animals, and the children have pet names for ever[illegible]mb and kid. You will often see a boy or girl carrying home a tired animal slung over the neck like a fashionable lady's fur. Only people who have lived in the East can realize how amazing was this affectionate care for a pet; or how still more amazing this happy family life where father could come in and find his wife and daughters entertaining two strange men and be obviously delighted to see the guests. At least, if this sort of thing is possible elsewhere in the East, I have not heard of it.

When we passed next day we heard that a strange cat, which must be the only other one in Aliábád, for in general everyone is too poor to keep either cat or dog, had come in while the mother was mouse-hunting and had killed two of the kittens. Yaman, the only brother of our most beloved young friends, and most intelligent of informants, lifted a pathetic little white body with his toes from the field to show us. The children were half horrified and half amused at the kittens' fate.

There were a few wild flowers these June days amongst the scanty grass of the *toqs*: red bladder campion, stitchwort, and an occasional starved-looking forget-me-not. The children were much amused when we told them what the English call it, and that sentimentalists amongst us use it as a love-token. After that, one or another would run up to us offering a tiny blue flower and saying, "Don't forget me!" Some future linguist, language-hunting like ourselves, may be puzzled to hear of *je til akol* growing in Hunza fields and rack his brains as to how the idea came to the Karakoram. On principle we have tried to avoid poisoning the ground for future workers by importing European ideas, legends, or phrases, and in this connection the forget-me-not, the "one little pig" and Afrot's *How do you do?* are the only sins on my conscience.

3: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

312 423 And so life seems to go on. Even water rights, the turning of the carefully-husbanded water on to the land of the various groups in succession, appear to be exercised, according to the recognised scheme, by those concerned without recrimination. But at this season water is plentiful.

562 884 Women here hold a position of freedom and respect rare in the East. Young and old they move freely about, unveiled and unaccompanied. They mingle and converse quite naturally and unselfconsciously with men. No doubt everyone knows everyone else and many are related. Young marriageable girls are as free and open-faced as the married women.

609 123 To the stranger within their gates, at any rate to the Sāhib and Mīm sāhiba, strayed out of another world, everyone is courteous and cordial, welcoming approach and questions, anxious to give information, amused at and appreciative of stumbling efforts to speak their difficult language, inviting them to their work parties in their fields or their leisure gatherings in their shady gardens. Always there is perfectly natural, self-respecting courtesy and good feeling, never that servility, false familiarity, self-assertiveness or aggressiveness characteristic of those who suffer from a sense of real or imagined inferiority.

This may appear a roseate, even idyllic picture, and no doubt there must be darker patches on the reverse side of it, but these do not appear to dim the general effect.

184 157 So much for the Hunzukuts Burusho. Of their Nagir neighbours I can say little. In casual contacts I have found them also friendly and courteous. The general impression is that they are not so actively cheerful as the Hunzukuts.

000 We may now turn our attention to the speakers of Werchikwār (Werčikwar). That language is spoken only in the Wershigūm valley, known as the Yasin district from the name of the village adjoining the administrative headquarters. The linguistic situation existing in Yasin is shown in the following table:

533 important part of the proceedings.

533 They have their big feast day just before harvest
535 time and it takes place in the month of Ramadan. At
527 this festival, the musicians set things in motion by starting very early in the morning, and the entire band joins in the sound and the fury. This is followed by dancing and they dance continually, though the same tune is being played over and over and over again in utter monotony. The musicians sit on the floor and make music without pausing, while the dancing goes on in the same way. There are no intermissions or stops.

[643] At this feast the Mir sits on a raised platform in full
[292] regalia. He wears a hat made of Persian lamb, the type of hat you've seen policemen wear in the cold climates in the wintertime.

562 The men invariably dance with their faces turned
[535] towards the Mir. No, the women do not dance, strange to relate. They are merely onlookers. They take no part in any of the social functions or in sport or entertainment. Such Hunzan activities are marked by the distinct absence of women. The Mohammedan religion does not allow women to take part in the social life of the community. This, as far as I can ascertain, has no counterpart in any other religion on earth.

Further, women have no rights or privileges.

After learning of these restrictions by the Mohammedan faith, I felt that there would be no mass migration on the part of the women of the West to Hunza.

535 The harvest dance is very similar to what might be
292 termed a victory dance or a great celebration. The most colorful and interesting dances are the sword dances. The men wear gaily colored costumes that are really very attractive. Their costumes are densely figured and brocaded and the heavy Chinese silks are used as the material. The swords and shields are handmade.

526 177 what dangerous game. But if you saw the selfsame sport played without an umpire, and only a score keeper, in Hunza, you'd probably think it the most bloodthirsty game in creation. And who am I to say it is or isn't!

Of course, the British changed the rules and regulations somewhat along the line of the Marquis of Queensbury, and a good thing, too, for our men aren't quite as tough as the Hunzans.

526 628 Practically every village in Hunza has a polo team and matches are being arranged continually . . . and the day of a match is really a red letter day for that village. The villagers may not have too much room for orchards and other farming, but they do have polo [311] fields. Invariably the best and flattest piece of land in [367] the area is used as a polo field. So you see, sport, for sport's sake, ranks high among the Hunzans and the Nagirwals as well.

526 367 The polo field at Baltit sits just below the old castle on the precipice and rather close to the school and the mosque . . . a sort of towering civic square, if it might be called that. A well-maintained low stone wall sur- [417] rounds the polo field.

While putting in my attendance at the polo field this day, I recalled that a few days previous I had followed a trail that led down from a cleft in this polo field to visit some of the Hunzan farms.

Above the raised wall, in places, are chairs and seating spaces for the spectators.

526 Everybody goes to the polo matches. And why not? [562] To these affairs even the women go. And even though [291] their clothes be drab their red, skillfully embroidered Hunzan hats make the spectacle glow with splendor and color.

[533] The Hunzan band is there to do the honors and

their salt and soon there will be a few more items added and, as more of their people go out of the country to earn a living and come back to visit or retire, more of civilization's curses will be brought back with them.

The doctor rather clearly indicated that infant mortality was not as low as some writers would like us to believe. I repeat—he made this quite clear.

Now I'll let you decide how it ties in with the statements made by Sir Robert McCarrison: "During the period of my association with these people I never saw a case of asthenic dyspepsia, of gastric or duodenal ulcer, of appendicitis, of mucous colitis, of cancer. . . . Among these people, the abdomen oversensitive to nerve impressions, to fatigue, anxiety, or cold was unknown. Indeed their buoyant abdominal health has, since my return to the West, provided a remarkable contrast with the dyspeptic and colonic lamentations of our highly civilized communities."

Smoking in general is not an addiction in Hunza. The water-pipe or hubble-bubble is used by some of the people, usually at gatherings or ceremonies. It is then passed around in a wide circle, each one taking a puff or two. The women are included, but only after all the men have finished.

Some of the citizens use snuff. It is tobacco mixed with the ash of a plant called "sopa," which is indigenous to that area. They take the tobacco and the sopa ash, put in a dash of water, stir it up and mix it into a paste. Then they place gobs of this paste under their lip, exactly the same as the snuff chewer does in the West, although this practice has been dying out in the Western world.

Just how much of the health of the people of Hunza is due to the fact that they get a lot of sunlight? That is a most pertinent question and one that will take a lot

8: Clark, N-S (1948-1951)1963
AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza
[P.40-E]
142
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302
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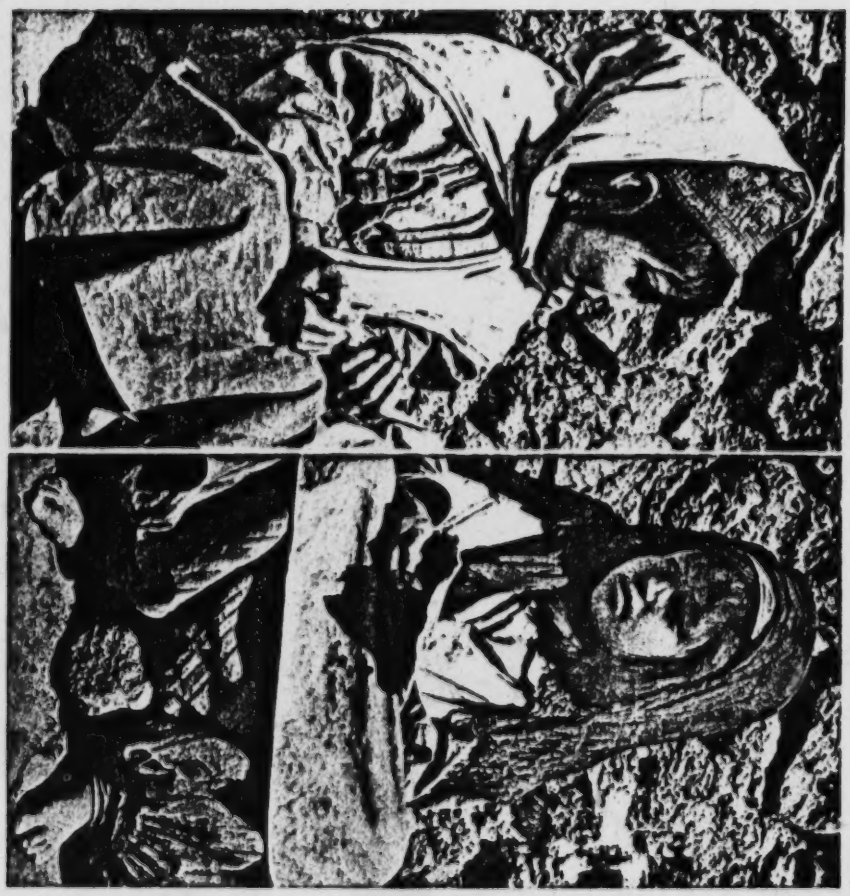
262

SEGREGATION of the sexes is rigid from early youth. Hunza's Moslem girls, right, are destined to live almost totally dissociated from the lives of men. Here two eat chapattis.



8:Clark N-5 (1948-1951) 1963
AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza
[P. 41-D]

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[562]
[584]

MIR'S DAUGHTER, the Princess Nilofar, is spokesman for Hunza's women, who, despite public segregation and their low status, never are forced to marry against their will.

584 Marriages are not arranged against
586 the will of either party, and although
divorce is legally very easy for men
593 or women, it is not common. Women
are neither abused nor overworked,
and the mother is the respected chief
of the house, as the father is of the
[581] farm. Marriage does not encompass
companionship as we know it: men
● [562] spend their spare time in the company
of other men, and women visit exclu-
562 sively with other women. They hold
535 their dances on separate threshing
floors a half-mile or so apart, on the
same night, and woe betide the eager
teen-age boy who dresses in his sister's
clothes and sneaks into a girls' dance.

262 At the time of the Tumushuling,
[296] and only then, Hunza families
[231] butcher a sheep or two: cold weather
[251] preserves the meat for the few days
before it is all eaten—and it *is* virtually
all eaten. Even the long bones are
cracked to extract the last marrow.
After this taste of meat, the winter of
the dietary year sets in. Gradually the
supply of carrots and potatoes fails,
then the wheat, the barley, the dried
[148] apricots, and the tea. By springtime
the poorer folk may eat only once in
two days. No one starves to death, but
no one has enough to stop hunger.

146 The regular Hunza diet has no fats,
no animal proteins, no vitamin A, no
vitamin D, a deficiency of vitamin B,
and a serious deficiency of calcium.
Apricots contain some sugar and vita-
min C, but the poorer families are un-
245 able to raise large crops. (The size
556 of apricot orchards determines a
man's wealth and status.) Hunzas use
372 every bit of the apricot, as they do of
824 the sheep. They cut the pits from the
fruits, crack them, and remove the al-
[412] mond-like nuts. The women hand-
grind these with stone mortars, then
squeeze the meal between a hand-stone
[354] and a flat rock to express the oil. Apri-
cot oil is fuel for the saucer-shaped
lamps that illuminate their homes, as
lamps of this type have done since the
824 Bronze Age. The oil is very bitter, na-
278 turally enough, because of its high
content of prussic acid, fifty drops of
which are said to be lethal in about
[273] four hours. Men add a few drops, as
[762] bitters, to their wine, and occasion-
ally a despondent woman takes a dose
in order to commit suicide.

164 Mild cases of rickets and scurvy
146 are rampant every spring—not enough
to kill, just enough to loosen teeth,
cause aching knees, and deform ribs

[P.45]

585
291
411
714

662

Celebration of wedding ceremony is enjoyed exclusively by male participants and spectators. Segregation of the sexes prohibits women, including bride, from viewing ceremony. On many public occasions, women hold a separate gathering.

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burusho AV7

following each other round and round in a circle— 644
sometimes with sword and shield and the usual 535
flourishes, sometimes with nothing in their hands, now posturing slowly, again flying round with long jumps and steps. In Nagar every one dances—the younger sons of the Thum, Wazirs, and the common herd, all take part. In the pre-Mahomedan days the [562] • women also danced, and I should not be surprised if amongst themselves they did not even now join in, but, of course, not on a state occasion, or before strangers. Immediately after the dance came a couple [526] of hours of polo, still to the accompaniment of the band, which played just below our tents, and whose monotonous noise became maddening.

In the evening I dismissed the son of the Hunza 644
Wazir, who had come with letters from the Thum, 431
with my answer and a present. He was good enough to express himself quite satisfied personally, at which I was surprised, for he was wearing a coat of velvet covered with gold embroidery, worth at least five-and-twenty pounds, the outcome of Lockhart's lavish habits of largesse. It was a much more magnificent garment than any I had to give his master, and of much greater value than the present I could afford to give him. He informed me, however, that a scoundrel with him, to whom I had given some money and a choga, was going away hopeless, because I had not promised to renew to him a pension which his father had drawn from the Kashmir Durbar. They were difficult people to deal with in some ways, showed no sense of proportion in making their demands, and really, I believe, could not understand that there must be some limit to one's power of giving rewards.

~~1~~ Biddulph G-3 (1873-1878) 1880 ~~AU1 Afghanistan AU1~~
4 AV3 Dard AV3
Burusho AV7

B D [562] teen. Wives are regarded as the absolute property of the husband and his heirs. On a man's death his brother can B 595 582 587 claim to marry all his widows, and no widow can marry again without the consent of her husband's brothers. Frequently, if a man leaves several widows as well as several brothers, the latter apportion the former among themselves. So strictly D 595 582 587 is the rule observed that, should there be only one surviving brother and he an infant, the widow cannot remarry elsewhere till he is old enough to say whether he will marry her or not; On the other hand, it is considered disgraceful to refuse to marry a brother's widow, so that it is not uncommon for a boy of ten years old to marry a woman more than twice his age. So absolute is the custom, that a woman cannot refuse to marry her deceased husband's brother, and her own parents have no voice in the matter. This often leads to two sisters being wives to the same man simultaneously, though the practice is forbidden by Mahommedan law. In Chitral, marriage with a husband's brother, though common, is not compulsory on the woman. Among the Afghans of Dir, if a widow should refuse to marry her husband's brother, he has the power of selling her, as she is regarded in the light of family property, which has been purchased and paid for. Among the Shin caste the marriage of first cousins or other relations within that degree (such as uncle and niece) is strictly prohibited, though allowed by Mahommedan law. In Torwal and Bushkar the marriage of first cousins is allowed, but marriages such as of uncle and niece or niece's daughter are forbidden.

D 595 601 In none of the Dard languages are there terms distinctive of polygamous relationship. All wives are of equal rank, priority of marriage not conferring any claim. In the Shina and Boorishki languages, uncles on the father's side are styled "great father" or "little father," according to their age in D 595 601 comparison with that of the speaker's father; but there is a distinct term for an uncle on the mother's side. In the same way the term "aunt" is only applied to those on the father's side, the mother's sisters being all styled "mother." There is no specific term either for nephew and niece, who are styled "son" and "daughter." In the same way cousins are styled "brother" or "sister." This would seem to point to the former existence of communal marriage, such as still exists in some parts of India. In the Khowar language the term "uncle" is applied to the brothers of both father and mother without distinction; but aunts on the mother's side are styled "mother,"

~~Mc~~ Biddulph G-3 (1873-1878) 1880 ~~AU1 Afghanistan AU1~~
4 AV3 Dard AV3
Burushe AV7

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which would point to polygamy, and not to communal marriage, as an ancient institution in the Chitral Valley. In the Bushkarik language the terms point towards polyandry.

Cases of infidelity are extremely common, and the men show none of the jealousy of their wives usual in older Mahommedan communities. In cases of adultery the injured husband has the right to slay the guilty couple when he finds them together; but should he slay one and not the other, he is held guilty of murder. This practice is followed in Sirikol and Wakhan as well as south of the Hindoo Koosh. It is said that the Afghans of Swat, Dir, and Asmar take no notice of a wife's infidelity if, when it comes to their knowledge, they are able to disguise the knowledge from others; but should they learn it through a third person, a bloody vengeance is inflicted. In cases where conclusive proof is wanting, and which are brought for settlement before the ruler or Wuzeer, guarantee is taken for the future by the accused placing his lips to the woman's breast. She thenceforth is regarded as his foster-mother, and no other relations but those of mother and son can exist between them. So sacred is the tie thus established esteemed, that it has never been known to be broken, and the most jealous husband ceases to suspect even though a confession of previous guilt may have been made. In such a case a sheep and a toloo of gold are placed at the feet of the husband by the offender, who humbly sues for forgiveness.

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It would appear that morals were more lax formerly than they are now. In Hunza, where the community approaches most nearly to its pre-Mahommedan state, infidelity is not regarded as an offence, and custom requires that a man shall place his wife at his guest's disposal, as in Hazara. The *droit de seigneur* was exercised by the fathers of the present ruler, and though the custom has been allowed to fall into disuse, it is evident from the accounts given of weekly orgies held by Ghazan Khan that the right is only held in abeyance and not formally renounced. In Nager things are but slightly better, and a man considers himself highly honoured if his wife attracts the attention of the Thum. Islam has not yet brought about the seclusion of the women, who mix freely with the men on all occasions. Young men and maidens of different families eat and converse together without restraint, and great liberty is allowed to young women, with frequent evil results. Infanticide arising from illicit connections is common, and is not considered a crime.

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